THE SIMPSONS

"Call Of The Simpsons"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA

MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER

BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH

ROD FLANDERS.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

NED FLANDERS.....HARRY SHEARER

SALESMAN.....HARRY SHEARER

TV ANNOUNCER #1. .....DAN CASTELLANETA

NEWSMAN.....HARRY SHEARER

MAP BOY .....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

CIGAR CHOMPER.....HARRY SHEARER

ONE MAN IN GROUP.....HANK AZARIA

GAME WARDEN.....HANK AZARIA

REPORTER #1.....HANK AZARIA

REPORTER #2.....HARRY SHEARER

FLUNKY.....HARRY SHEARER

PHOTOGRAPHER.....HANK AZARIA

TV ANNOUNCER #2.....HARRY SHEARER

FEMALE FRENCH SCIENTIST...NANCY CARTWRIGHT

MALE GERMAN SCIENTIST.....HARRY SHEARER

DR. MARVIN MONROE.....HARRY SHEARER

ENGLISH SCIENTIST.....DAN CASTELLANETA

THE CALL OF THE SIMPSONS

by

John Swartzwelder

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SIMPSON'S FRONT YARD - SATURDAY MORNING

Open on HOMER watering the flowers and **HUMMING** cheerfully while BART struggles to mow the lawn with an old-fashioned push-mower.

BART

(GRUNTS WITH EXERTION) Why can't we get a decent mower? Like the Flanders have?

Bart jerks his head toward the Flanders' house next door.

NEW ANGLE

ROD FLANDERS, the Flanders' 12-year-old son, is riding a great-looking lawn tractor. He is reclining in his seat under an umbrella, sipping a tall soft drink through a straw. He sees Bart and and waves.

ROD

(VERY FRIENDLY) Howdy, Bart. Hot enough for ya?

BART

(GRUMBLING TO HIMSELF) Shut up, Flanders.

BACK TO BART AND HOMER

HOMER

Just be happy with what you got, son. Don't try to keep up with the Flanderses. If you do, being a Simpson, you'll be doomed to a life of the blues and the blahs.

BART

(MUMBLES UNDER HIS BREATH) Cheapskate. I'd like to mow your head.

Homer turns the hose and sprays Bart with water.

BART

(SPUTTERING) Hey, man!

HOMER

Oops! Sorry, boy. (CHUCKLES) Didn't see you. Believe that and I'll tell you another one.

NED FLANDERS, their neighbor, pulls into his driveway in a gigantic RV labelled "The Land Behemoth." Ned sounds the **HORN.** It **PLAYS** the first eight notes of the Colonel Bogey March. Homer and Bart walk over to the RV, looking at it enviously.

NED

How do you like my new wheels, Simpson?

BART

(UNRESERVEDLY) Wow, man!

HOMER

Bart! (TO FLANDERS) I suppose it has..uh..various features?

NED

It's got everything! Microwave, dishwasher, big-screen TV... uh, uh... hot tub, frozen-yogurt dispenser, deep fryer, and... see up there on the roof?

Ned points to the satellite dish mounted on the roof.

HOMER

(CROAKING) A satellite dish!

NED

Yes indeedy-do.

HOMER

But how can you afford something like this, Ned? I get your mail once in awhile... you make only twenty-seven dollars a week more than I do.

NED

Simple, Simpson. Credit. It's not just for your house and car and furniture and clothes and food anymore.

EXT. MARTY'S ENCHANTED LAND OF RVS (FORMERLY RVS R US) - A LITTLE LATER

Homer, Marge and the kids are standing in the middle of dozens of spectacular RVs. Above them is a large banner that says "We'd Rather Make A Friend...Than a Profit." There is a drawing of a happy face after the word "friend" and a frown after the word "profit." A smiling SALESMAN approaches them.

SALESMAN

May I help you?

MARGE

(QUICKLY) We're just browsing, thank you.

HOMER

I'd like to see your finest RV. Do you have something that's better than them Land Behemoths?

The salesman looks through the sheaf of papers on his clipboard.

SALESMAN

That would be... the Ultimate Behemoth. Ah, and I see we have one left in stock.

HOMER

(EXCITED) Where is it?

The salesman sweeps his arm in a grand gesture.

SALESMAN

(GRANDLY) Behold!

NEW ANGLE

The family suddenly notices that they are standing next to the biggest, most astounding RV in existence. The side of it looks like the wall of a building. There are six sets of wheels supporting it, and it looks like it could never possibly turn on a regular city street.

HOMER

(BABBLES SPEECHLESSLY)

BART

Does it have its own satellite dish?

SALESMAN

It has its own satellite. The VanStar One launched last February.

BART

Oh man!

MARGE

I'm not sure we can afford...

HOMER

(EAGERLY) Does it have a deep fryer?

SALESMAN

It has everything. And more.

MARGE

I'm not sure we can afford more than everything, Homer.

SALESMAN

Let's take a tour of the inside, shall we?

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE THE ULTIMATE BEHEMOTH - CONTINUES

The family has reached the top of the Ultimate Behemoth's escalator and is stepping off into the RV's entry hall. They look around in amazement. There are plush chairs, a grand piano, a fabulous-looking dining room with a huge chandelier. The dashboard looks like the instrument panel on a 767.

HOMER

(BABBLES IN AWE)

MARGE

(MURMURS WORRIEDLY)

Homer presses the **HORN**. It **PLAYS** the first few bars of ALSO SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA.

BART

(IMPRESSED) Aye carumba!

LISA

This is better than our house!

MARGE

(WORRIED) It all seems so expensive...

HOMER

Wait till Flanders gets a load of this.

How much is it?

SALESMAN

(HESITANT) Well... first I'd like you to know that I like your face.

BART

(INCREDULOUS) You do?

HOMER

Thanks.

SALESMAN

Why don't we step into the credit office?

The Simpsons and the Salesman go toward the credit office.

MARGE

(LOW TO HOMER) We can't afford this, Homer.

HOMER

Marge, he likes my face.

INT. INSIDE CREDIT OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The salesman is typing credit information into a computer. Homer is watching him hopefully. Marge is looking at Homer like he's a maniac. There are friendly signs plastered all over the office that say, "We give credit to Everyone," "Bad credit? Good!," "Repossession? Foreclosure? Ha-Ha!," "Bankruptcy Schmankruptcy."

SALESMAN

Checking your credit rating is just a formality. (CHUCKLES) You're obviously a wonderful person. But let's see what the little computer says...

The salesman presses "enter" on the computer.

HOMER

(TO REST OF FAMILY) Keep your fingers crossed. (TO HIMSELF) Please, please, please.

CLOSEUP - COMPUTER TERMINAL

The red light on top of the computer begins flashing "Warning, Warning." A **warbling SIREN** goes off.

HOMER

Is that a good siren? Am I approved?

SALESMAN

No. Mr. Simpson, it seems the Ultimate Behemoth is a wee bit out of your price range.

HOMER

Don't you have something that isn't out of my range? (SADLY) I don't want to walk away empty-handed.

SALESMAN

Perhaps I can show you something that's

a little more... you.

EXT. BACK OF THE RV LOT - A COUPLE OF MINUTES LATER

Parked as far away from the other vans as possible is "The Li'l Land Turtle." Its windshield wipers are bent, there are taped-up cracks in all the windows, the sides are dented, and a pool of oil grows underneath the engine. The salesman stands next to it proudly. The family is stunned.

SALESMAN

Well, what do you think?

Bart leans inside and **HONKS** the horn, which emits a **MOURNFUL** and **STRANGLED** version of **"La Cucaracha."**

BART

(DISGUSTED) Aye carumba.

HOMER

(TRYING TO LIKE IT) Well... it looks

like it would be easier to park than

the other one.

LISA

You could park it in the other one.

MARGE

Used, isn't it?

SALESMAN

It's previously owned. But that just

means all the kinks have already been

worked out.

HOMER

Hmm. No kinks.

SALESMAN

Dollar for dollar it's a much better value than the Ultimate Behemoth.

HOMER

(GRUNTS)

SALESMAN

Mr. Simpson, you will never own a better RV.

LISA

I have an announcement to make. I'm depressed.

HOMER

How much do you want for it?

SALESMAN

(HESITANT) Well... first I'd like to remind you that I like your face.

BART

He already owns his face. How much for the van?

SALESMAN

Three-fifty a month.

HOMER

Well... I don't know... I'll have to confer with my family.

The Simpsons huddle.

LISA

Don't do it, Dad.

MARGE

Homer, I think it would be a terrible mistake.

MAGGIE

(SHAKES HER HEAD AND SUCKS)

BART

Are you out of your mind?

HOMER

(TO SALESMAN) Mister, you got yourself a deal.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE SIMPSON DRIVEWAY - A LITTLE LATER

The van squeals rustily to a stop in the driveway. Homer turns the engine off. It continues to run for a few seconds, then shudders to a halt and blows a quart of oil onto the ground. The family gets out and looks at the battered machine.

HOMER

So, what do you say, gang?

MARGE

What?

HOMER

Camping trip?

MARGE

Now?

HOMER

Sure.

MARGE

Oh, Homer.

HOMER

We got lots of daylight left.

MARGE

(ANNOYED MURMUR)

HOMER

(WHINING LIKE A CHILD) But I want to play with my new RV.

MARGE

(WEAKENING) This isn't going to be like Mosquito Lake?

HOMER

No, of course not. We'll bring repellent this time.

MARGE

Well... okay. But I am not going to clean any fish.

HOMER

Now remember, just bring the necessities. We're going to be roughing it.

EXT. SIMPSON BACKYARD

Bart crosses to the automatic pet food dispenser carrying a fifty-pound bag of "Woofgang Pup Gourmet Dog Food". Santa's Little Helper is running alongside him.

BART

Here you go, Santa's Little Helper.

Enough grub to last you all weekend.

As soon as Bart turns to go back into the house, Santa's Little Helper gobbles down all the dog food.

EXT. THE SIMPSON DRIVEWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Marge and Lisa are staggering out of the house carrying huge suitcases. The van is stuffed to the brim with furniture. There are a number of boxes and chairs strapped to the top. Bart is shoving the television in the back.

NEW ANGLE

Ned Flanders comes out of his house and stares with disbelief at the van. Homer waves.

HOMER

Hey Flanders! Look what I got!

NED

(TRYING TO BE NICE) Oooh, lovely.

Congratulations, Simpson. I'm sure

you'll have loads of fun.

HOMER

(LOW TO MARGE) Jealous.

Homer hits the horn. It **GASPS** and **CLANKS** for a moment, then moans out a bit of "LA CUCARACHA."

NED

(NODDING) Very catchy.

Marge gets into the front passenger seat, holding Maggie. Bart and Lisa squeeze into the back among the furniture. Homer guns the engine, shifts it into gear, and slowly backs the van out of the driveway. It is so overloaded it only has about one inch of ground clearance and keeps **SCRAPING BOTTOM** and shooting sparks as it gets out on to the street.

HOMER

Everybody ready? (LOW VOICE) Please,

let's look like a happy family about to

have fun. Please?

Marge, Lisa and Bart **AD LIB**: "Ready", "I guess so", "Okay."

HOMER (CONT'D)

Okay, everybody. Ready?

LISA

All right, Dad!

MARGE

Let's go, my love.

BART

Come on, Dad. I can't wait for a whole

weekend of looking up to you.

Young Rod Flanders pulls up alongside of them on his lawn tractor.

ROD FLANDERS

Race ya, Simpson.

HOMER

(CHUCKLING) You're on, boy.

Both machines start chugging along at about four miles per hour. Homer slowly pulls ahead.

BART

Go Dad!

HOMER

Toodles, Flanders!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

There is nothing left in the house except the kitchen sink, which has been half-pulled-loose from its moorings. Snowball II is sitting nonplussed in the center of the bare living room. We HEAR O.S. **BARKING** as Santa's Little Helper enters the living room and starts chasing the cat around the house.

EXT. FREEWAY - TEN MINUTES LATER

Traffic is backed up for miles behind Homer's slow-moving van. **SFX: "LA CUCARACHA" HORN**

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

NEW ANGLE

Bart and Lisa are crammed into a small space in the center of the van, surrounded by large pieces of furniture.

BART

Turkey farm?

LISA

Nope.

BART

Skunks?

LISA

Uh-uh.

BART

Dad's feet?

Marge turns around in her seat and looks at them.

MARGE

What are you doing back there?

LISA

We're playing "What's That Odor?"

HOMER

Lisa!

BART

Are we there yet, Dad?

HOMER

I'll tell you when we get there. Go back to your game.

EXT. A NARROW DIRT ROAD - DEEP IN WOODS - AN HOUR LATER

The van is speeding down a narrow dirt road, breaking off low branches. The chairs and boxes on top of the van are shifting dangerously from side to side.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Marge is trying to locate their position on a large road map.

MARGE

Homer, I'm telling you this is not the

Interstate.

Homer leans on the **HORN** and yells out the window at a couple of chipmunks who are frisking on the road ahead of the van.

HOMER

Hey! Get off the road! Coming

through!

The chipmunks dive off the road in the nick of time.

MARGE

Shouldn't we stop somewhere and ask for

directions?

HOMER

(SNORTS) Directions! I don't need to

ask anybody for directions. All I need

is my trusty dashboard compass.

CLOSEUP - DASHBOARD COMPASS

It is spinning in circles.

EXT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

The van is climbing slowly up and over a series of huge boulders. It nearly tips over, then rights itself and goes on to the next boulder.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

MARGE

Homer! What on earth are you doing?

HOMER

Don't worry. This is an all-terrain vehicle.

EXT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

The van goes over the last boulder, heads straight down a river bank and plows into a narrow, but swift river. The van stays upright and seems to be getting across all right, but it floats a little ways downstream before it manages to get to the other side.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

MARGE

My feet are getting wet!

HOMER

Ah, grow up. A few wet feet never hurt anybody.

LISA

Mom, I'm scared.

MARGE

We all are, dear.

EXT. OVERHEAD SHOT OF VAN - CONTINUOUS

The van is hurtling at fifty miles per hour through the woods towards a cliff. It is a sheer drop of several hundred feet to the gorge below.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Homer is whistling and admiring the scenery around him. His foot is pressing the gas pedal to the floor.

HOMER

What do you think? Should we stop

here?

Everyone looks out the side window at the blurred passing trees.

MARGE/BART/LISA

(FRANTIC SCREAM) Yes!!!

HOMER

All righty.

Homer puts on the brakes.

EXT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

The van -- all four wheels locked -- slides across a clearing and skids to a stop with half the chassis hanging over the edge of the cliff.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

HOMER

Well, here we are!

Homer turns off the engine, opens his door, and puts one foot out. The second he shifts his weight, the front door of the van tips down dramatically. We can see the gorge below through the windshield.

HOMER

Uh oh.

EXT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

The van is slowly tipping back and forth like a teeter totter.

ALL (V.O.)

(HORRIBLE SCREAM) Aaaaaahhhhhhh!!!!

HOMER (V.O.)

When I give the word, everyone ever so

slowly open your door and slide out.

There are **THREE IMMEDIATE DOOR SLAMS** and the whole family is out of the van. The van shudders and teeters a little more, then steadies itself.

HOMER

Nobody panic. Okay, now here's what we're going to do. We'll shift our cargo to the back of the van... Keep away from there, Maggie... Maggie...

MAGGIE'S POV

sees her pacifier on the back seat through the open window.

CLOSE UP - MAGGIE

Her eyes widen.

NEW ANGLE

HOMER

Maggie... No...!

Maggie reaches through the van's wide window and retrieves her pacifier. The van instantly topples over the cliff.

CAMERA TRACKS WITH VAN AS IT FALLS

It hits the ground, rolls over twice, then is shaken repeatedly by several internal explositions.

BACK TO THE FAMILY

They are standing near the edge of the cliff, peering over and wincing as a few more explosions rip the van.

BART

The Simpsons have entered the forest.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. NEAR THE EDGE OF CLIFF - CONTINUOUS

A dense pillar of black smoke is rising up from the bottom of the gorge. The family is looking at Homer. He is trying to look at the bright side.

HOMER

Well, heh heh, now we get a chance to be real pioneers. This will be quite an adventure, won't it?

No one speaks. Lisa shivers a little as a sudden cold gust of wind gets under her light coat. Maggie **WHIMPERS.**

HOMER

Yes sir! A real adventure. Why, I bet there are people who would trade everything they have in the world for an adventure like this.

BART

You mean like we just did?

Maggie **SNIFFLES.**

HOMER

(RE MAGGIE) Willsomebody help her?

LISA

Look, Maggie! Birdies!

Lisa points up at a couple of vultures who are circling overhead.

MARGE

Oh, Homer. What are we going to do?

HOMER

Now don't worry. Our situation isn't as bad as it seems. We're only about fifty-seventy-five miles from home. And I'm an experienced woodsman. I know everything there is to know about survival out here in the woods. So don't worry. Now you all stay here for a minute while I go over this way and try to get my bearings.

CAMERA TRACKS WITH HOMER

as he walks round behind a clump of trees at the edge of the gorge. He sits down and buries his face in his hands.

HOMER

(SADLY TO HIMSELF) What am I going to do?

HOMER'S CANYON ECHO

(LOUDLY) What am I going to do?... To do... to do... to do?

HOMER

Shhh.

HOMER'S CANYON ECHO

(LOUDLY) Shhh... shhh... shhh.

HOMER

(SHARPLY) Shut up!

HOMER'S CANYON ECHO

(LOUDLY) Shut up... shut up... shut up.

HOMER

(DISGRUNTLED GRUNT)

HOMER'S CANYON ECHO

(DISGRUNTLED GRUNT, THREE TIMES)

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE GIRLS' SHELTER - A HALF HOUR LATER

Marge and the kids are watching as Homer puts the final touches on a shelter he has built. It is really nothing more than a small, uninviting pile of wet branches.

HOMER

(TRIUMPHANT) There! Finished.

LISA

You are?

HOMER

Well, it's a quick job, but it's shelter.

MARGE

It is?

HOMER

Uh-huh. Now, while we go for help, you girls stay here and relax.

Bart and Homer begin walking off into the woods.

LISA

(CALLING AFTER THEM) Remember, Dad. The handle of the Big Dipper points to the North Star.

HOMER

(CHUCKLING) That's nice, Lisa, but we're not in astronomy class. We're in the woods.

As Bart and Homer hike OUT OF FRAME, Marge and Lisa examine the shelter. They both make a face, **MURMUR** in dismay.

Maggie totters off after Homer and Bart, making good time despite frequent bellyflops. Marge has begun using a small branch to sweep up leaves. Lisa looks up and sees Maggie disappearing after the guys.

LISA

Should Maggie be going with them, Mom?

MARGE

(UNCONCERNED) They won't be gone long. I'm sure your father can take care of her.

Marge picks up a large pine cone and shakes her head.

MARGE

Whoever lived in this forest before us certainly left it in a mess.

NEW ANGLE - THE TWO VULTURES CIRCLING OVERHEAD

They have to make a decision. They look down at the women cleaning the campsite, then at the men staggering through the undergrowth. After a pause they start flapping after the men.

BART AND HOMER

are walking deeper into the woods, looking apprehensively around them. Homer is only a little nervous. Bart is starting to get spooked.

BART

(NERVOUS) There aren't any dangerous animals in this forest are there, Dad?

HOMER

Well, might be a few. But don't worry about it. If you leave them alone, they'll leave you alone.

BART

It's a deal.

HOMER

And remember not to act afraid. Animals can smell fear. And they don't like it. Besides, there's nothing to be afraid of.

BART

(WORRIED) Right.

Maggie **SUCKS** on her pacifier.

HOMER

(PANIC) A rattler!

BART

(PETRIFIED) I'm not afraid, I'm not afraid, I'm not...

HOMER

Run, you fool!

BART

(SCREAMS)

Bart and Homer crash wildly through the forest at full speed. Camera PANS DOWN to Maggie. She **SUCKS**, takes one or two faltering steps after them, turns around and begins heading back to camp.

CAMERA TRACKS WITH MAGGIE

as she totters up to a hollow log. She crawls into it, and begins working her way through. The log turns a little before she reaches the other end, so that when she climbs out she begins heading the wrong way.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DEEP WOODS - A LITTLE LATER

Bart and Homer slow to a walk, **PANTING**. Homer points to some bushes.

HOMER

Through here, boy. Back to civilization.

BART

How do you know?

HOMER

When you're an experienced woodsman like me, you get a feel for these things. It becomes natural. Like a third sense.

Bart and Homer push through a large bush.

NEW ANGLE

The bush is on the edge of the river bank. Bart and Homer step out of the bush and topple thirty feet into the river.

BART & HOMER

Wahhhhhhhhh!

CAMERA TRACKS WITH THEM

as the swift current speeds them downstream.

BART & HOMER

Yahhhhhhhh!

NEW ANGLE - SIDE VIEW OF WATERFALL

Bart and Homer are swept over the edge of the waterfall and fall spinning and **SCREAMING.**

BART & HOMER

Wahhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!

EXT. THE GIRLS' CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

Marge and Lisa have made Homer's shelter much better. Marge is busily tidying up the "yard" with a jury-rigged broom and moving remarkably docile animals to more decorative locaitons in the clearing. We see her patiently lining up chipmunks on a log. The animals fidget and blink, but remain where she put them.

MARGE

(HUMS TO HERSELF) (PAUSE) The boys certainly are taking a long time. I hope Maggie isn't slowing them up too much.

EXT. THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Maggie is standing in the center of a huge shadow looking up.

CUT WIDE

There is a mammoth BEAR rearing up over Maggie. It is growling and it looks like it is about to lunge. Maggie **SUCKS** and reaches a hand into her secret pacifier stash. She pulls one out and shoves it into the bear's mouth as it lurches at her.

CLOSEUP - THE BEAR'S FACE

The bear **SUCKS** on the pacifier and instantly becomes pacified with a wide-eyed look similar to Maggie's.

MAGGIE AND BEAR

The bear **SUCKS** on its pacifier. Maggie **SUCKS** on hers. They look at each other, then both **SUCK** on their pacifiers at once.

EXT. BASE OF WATERFALL - CONTINUOUS

Homer's head appears in the pool at the base of the falls. He swims, **COUGHING** and **GASPING**, to the river bank and drags himself up on a rock. His clothes have almost entirely been torn off by the plunge over the falls, but he doesn't notice this. He looks around the shore for Bart.

HOMER

Bart? Where are you boy? Bart!

Homer begins looking around the river bank with growing panic. He looks at the pool at the base of the falls.

CLOSEUP - BART'S BASEBALL CAP SWIRLING IN THE CENTER OF THE POOL

HOMER

(HORROR) His hat! Oh my God! It's

all my fault! Bart!

Homer dives into the pool and disappears. A moment later he resurfaces, **SPUTTERING**, then dives under again. After a longer pause he comes back up and makes his way to shore. He drags himself back onto the rock and **SOBS**.

HOMER

(SOBBING) Bart! Oh Bart! Bart, Bart,

Bart! Oh, Bart, my beautiful son. (TO

THE HEAVENS) Why couldn't you have

taken me?

BART (V.O.)

Don't have a cow, Dad.

Homer looks up.

NEW ANGLE

Bart's head is sticking out of a bush on the other side of the river.

HOMER

(CAN'T BELIEVE HIS EYES) What the--?

(ANNOYED GRUNT) You're alive!... and...

(CHUCKLING) buck nekkid.

BART

I'm not the only one, Homeboy.

HOMER

What? (HE LOOKS DOWN AT HIMSELF AND CHUCKLES) Oooh! Jungle Man!

Homer playfully beats his chest.

INT. BEAR CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Three large bears are gnawing on salmon in the center of the cave. Maggie's bear enters the cave carrying Maggie in his teeth (by her nightie). Maggie is gently set down on the floor. The other bears gather around her menacingly. Maggie's bear explains everything with a few **GRUNTS** and **SNORTS**. The bears relax. One of them drags over a large salmon and sets it in front of Maggie. Maggie doesn't know what to do with it. She stares at it and blinks. The bears look concerned. They lumber off a few paces and have a brief **GRUNTING** conference. Then they drag a larger salmon over and set it in front of Maggie. She stares at it, looks up at the bears, and **SUCKS**. The bears exchange concerned looks.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN WOODS - A LITTLE LATER

Bart and Homer are standing behind some bushes.

HOMER

The first thing you learn about surviving in the woods, boy: Conceal your nakedness.

BART

Yeah, man.

HOMER

Slap a fern on there, boy. Now, a little mud. There. Ooh! That requires a mollusk. All right. We're ready to hit the town.

They step out from behind the bushes, wearing ferns and mud and strategically placed mollusks, instead of clothes.

BART

Can't we eat something first? I'm starving.

HOMER

Good idea.

Homer looks around the clearing until he spots a small tree.

HOMER

This young sapling ought to do the trick.

Homer bends the top of the tree down near the ground, ties the top of the tree down with a piece of vine, then forms the rest of the vine into a small loop.

BART

Are we going to hang ourselves?

HOMER

No. This is a trap. It's going to catch us our dinner. Come on, boy.

Homer and Bart squat behind a bush. In the center of the loop Homer places an appetizing-looking leaf.

HOMER

Shhhh! (WHISPER) Just watch.

They stare silently for a moment, then -- sure enough -- a rabbit hops cautiously out of the woods, steps into the loop, and starts to nibble on the leaf.

HOMER

(TRIUMPHANT WHISPER) Ha! Got him!

The rabbit triggers the trap.

EXT. FOREST - LONG SHOT

The rabbit is thrown three-quarters of a mile into a ravine.

BACK TO BART AND HOMER

BART

I'm still hungry, Dad.

HOMER

Me too. Let's try something simpler. This time I'll just go into those bushes over there, make a lot of noise and flush out a rabbit. When he runs out, you step on him.

BART

Right, Dad.

NEW ANGLE

Homer walks into the bushes and, after the briefest of pauses, we **HEAR** many rapid little **SNICKS OF TEETH CLOSING ON FLESH.** Homer lets out a **YELL** and reels out of the bushes with rabbits, squirrels, ducks and snakes hanging off him by their teeth.

HOMER

(SHRIEKS) Get 'em off me! Get 'em off!

Aaah!

Homer rolls on the ground trying to scrape the animals off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A CAMPGROUND NEAR THE BEAR CAVE - DUSK

A MOTHER and FATHER CAMPER are lounging in director's chairs. The mother is bottle-feeding a BABY. They are watching a nature show on a portable TV.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

But without a doubt, the terror of the

forest is the North American Grizzly.

The Man camper shudders. There's a **RUSTLING** in the bushes behind the campers. Maggie's bear's head pops up.

MAGGIE'S BEAR'S P.O.V

PULL IN on baby **SUCKING** the bottle.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O. CONT'D)

They're big, they're bad, they're

ugly... and hungry ones have been known

to eat an unlucky man in one sitting.

The mother sets the bottle down. A large bear paw appears between the couple and removes the baby bottle.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEAR CAVE - A LITTLE LATER

The bear enters and offers Maggie the bottle filled with formula. She removes her pacifier and starts **SUCKING** on the bottle. The bears seem gratified by this. One by one other bears enter with baby toys, bottles, pictures books, etc., gathered from other campsites. One of them props up an ABCs picture book upside down in front of Maggie, then backs off a little and watches her hopefully. She looks at the bear and then turns the book rightside up.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GIRLS' CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Marge and Lisa are sitting at the mouth of the shelter. An inviting campfire is crackling in front of them.

MARGE

Are you okay, Lisa?

LISA

Not really.

MARGE

Why not?

LISA

I think we're going to die.

MARGE

Oh, I don't think we're going to die, honey. But, on a totally different subject, is there anything you have always wanted to ask me or tell me but never got the chance to?

LISA

I don't think so.

MARGE

No? You never wondered about, oh say, where babies come from?

LISA

I heard a hideous story about it once in the schoolyard.

MARGE

Oh. Well, it's true, I'm afraid.

LISA

(BEAT) I hope Maggie and the boys are all right.

MARGE

I'm sure they're just fine. After all, we built a fire and we don't know anything about nature. Imagine what your father, an experienced woodsman, has done.

LISA

Yeah, I suppose so. Night Mom.

MARGE

Goodnight, dear.

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Bart and Homer are lying half-naked on their backs on the ground. They are slightly bluish.

BART

G-g-good night, D-dad.

HOMER

G-g-good night, s-son. S-sleep tight.

Their eyes remain wide open. Their teeth **CHATTER** noisily.

INT. BEAR CAVE - CONTINUOUS

The bears are snoozing in a pile. Maggie is curled up on top of one of the bears, fast asleep. She pulls a large bear paw over her like a blanket. The bear **GRUNTS** a little in its sleep. Maggie **SUCKS** on her pacifier.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. THE DEEP WOODS - DAWN

Dawn is breaking over the forest.

BART AND HOMER

They are shuffling through the woods. They look tired, cold, hungry, and their ferns are beginning to wilt.

BART

Are we there yet?

HOMER

(SHORT) No.

BART

Are we ever going to be there?

HOMER

I don't know. Quit asking pointless questions. Look: you stay here a minute and rest. I'll mosey over this way and see if I can find a trail or something.

Homer plunges off through the woods. Bart sits down on a rock to wait.

EXT. A LARGE CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Homer bursts out of the wood into a clearing and stops, stunned by what he sees.

NEW ANGLE

A wildlife PHOTOGRAPHER with a video camera is in the middle of the clearing pressing his lens into the face of a cowering baby deer. The photographer hears the racket Homer makes when he enters the clearing and looks up. The fawn scampers off.

CUT WIDE

Instinctively, the photographer swings his camera around to photograph Homer. Homer begins **YELLING** and WAVING his arms.

HOMER

Hey! Heyyyyyy!

The photographer is frightened. He begins inching backwards, still taping. Homer takes a step forward, stubs one big toe on a rock and gets his other big toe bitten by a field mouse that's protecting its territory. Homer jumps and **CURSES** and hops from one injured foot to the other. The photographer films a little more, than bolts in fright.

HOMER

(UNINTELLIGIBLE CURSES)

PHOTOGRAPHER

Aaaah!

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

TELEVISION SCREEN

Homer's image has a super over it that says "Bigfoot Found."

Camera PULLS BACK to REVEAL that the picture of Homer is in a mortise over the left shoulder of the NewsSix Anchorman.

NEWSMAN

Bigfoot. The legendary half-man half-ape is no longer a legend. He's very very real. What you are about to see is unedited video footage taken earlier today in the hills three miles southwest of Tenderfoot Gorge.

Camera MOVES IN on the picture of Homer. The picture **begins to move.**

HOMER

(UNINTELLIGIBLE CURSES)

NEWSMAN (V.O.)

(OVER CURSES) The naturalist who took these extraordinary pictures was most impressed by the creature's uncivilized look, its foul language, and its incredible stench.

BACK TO ANCHORMAN

The mortise over his shoulder has a closeup of Homer's face, with the super "$5,000 Reward" in a popular supermarket tabloid.

NEWSMAN

A popular supermarket tabloid -- "National Half-Truth" -- has offered a reward of $5,000 to anyone who brings in the creature alive. We'll have more on this story as it develops. We now return you to the President's address, already in progress.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. ALONG THE INTERSTATE - THE NEXT DAY

Camera PANS along a huge traffic jam. Cars full of Bigfoot hunters are trying to make their way off the Interstate onto a tiny road that leads into the forest. The whole area around the turnoff is lined with souvenir stands, fast food stands, news crews, and excited tourists. A fast food stand has a large sign advertising "Half-Man Half-Ape Burgers." Several souvenir stands are doing a brisk business in "Official" Bigfoot souvenirs, including oversized foam rubber feet. There is a place where you can get your picture taken with a huge cardboard replica of Homer.

Camera MOVES IN on a SKINNY 15-YEAR OLD BOY examining a map at a "Maps to Bigfoot" stand which is manned by a CIGAR CHOMPING MAN who is waiting patiently as the boy tries to get the deal straight in his mind.

MAP BOY

This map will show me where Bigfoot is?

CIGAR CHOMPER

Take you right to him.

MAP BOY

So I can get the $5,000 reward?

CIGAR CHOMPER

You betcha.

MAP BOY

And you'll sell me this map for only a dollar?

CIGAR CHOMPER

Right.

MAP BOY

I'm surprised you don't use this map yourself.

CIGAR CHOMPER

I'm not in this for the money, son. (PAUSE) I'm in it because of my love of maps.

MAP BOY

Oh, I see. All right. Here.

The boy hands over the dollar, takes the map, walks a little ways off, then turns.

MAP BOY

(TO CIGAR CHOMPER) Sucker.

EXT. CLEARING WHERE WE SAW THE PHOTOGRAPHER - CONTINUOUS

Hundreds of Bigfoot seekers are combing the area, beating the bushes with sticks and looking under rocks. It's like a huge Easter Egg Hunt. Some are carrying guns, others cameras. A few have nets and one or two have sophisticated looking electronic gear similar to geiger counters.

As camera PANS this scene, we can see one GUY holding up a catatonic rabbit by its long right ear. (The rabbit has a Homer's sapling trap tied to its neck.) The rabbit kicks the guy holding it and scampers away.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TREES TO:

EXT. DEEP WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Bart and Homer are staggering along, obviously exhausted. Their ferns are torn and their mollusks have seen better days.

BART

(MONOTONE) Arewethereyet

Arewethereyet Arewethereyet?

HOMER

(EXHAUSTED/SIMULTANEOUS WITH ABOVE)

Just a little farther... just a little

bit farther... only a little farther...

We can hear **DISTANT SHOUTS** from the approaching search parties, but Bart and Homer don't seem to notice them. Suddenly Homer stops and stares. Right in front of his face is a large beehive that is literally dripping honey. A couple of dozen bees are swirling around the hive.

HOMER

(CROAKING WHISPER) Honey! Honey!

We're saved!

Taking no precautions whatsoever, Homer stuffs his hand into the center of the hive and pulls out a handful of honey that still has several bees on it. He shoves the whole mess in his mouth. As Bart watches hungrily, Homer rolls the honey around in his mouth and swallows it.

BART

(WIDE-EYED, DROOLING) How is it?

HOMER

(A FEW BEES FLYING OUT OF HIS MOUTH)

Tangy.

Homer is stung repeatedly in the mouth by several bees. We can see his cheeks changing shape violently as the bees inside his mouth repeatedly back up and slam into his tongue. Homer's look of ecstasy fades and is replaced by one of bewilderment, and then horror. He opens his mouth. Bees fly out.

HOMER

(URGENT) Wah-neh! Wah-neh!

BART

What?

HOMER

Wah neh! Wah neh!

BART

Oh. Water. (POINTING) Thattaway, man.

Homer crashes off towards the creek, leaving a trail of bees behind him.

EXT. THE CREEK - CONTINUOUS

Homer lurches out of the woods and buries half his head in the muddy water. After a pause we hear a SMALL GROUP of PEOPLE approaching. Homer hears it too and looks up.

NEW ANGLE

A search party is standing on the other side of the creek looking at Homer. They are stunned. Homer stands up, his tongue now swollen horribly and dangling out of his mouth. A few bees are orbiting his head.

HOMER

Pleehhhh! Hnnnn! Plem! Feh!

ONE MAN IN GROUP

(HORROR) Bigfoot!

HOMER

Femmmm! Wah! Gnnn! Hrmmerhrr!

The group SCREAMS and scatters in all directions **AD LIBBING:** "Run for your life", "He's hideous", "Did you smell that?", etc. Homer starts to thrash through the water after them.

HOMER

(DEFEATED) Feh! Pluh! Wah!

EXT. THE GIRLS' CAMPSITE - LATER THAT DAY

Marge is talking to a GAME WARDEN. He looks at their shelter and nods his approval. A couple of REPORTERS stand nearby.

GAME WARDEN

It looks like you girls have been getting along all right, but it's a good thing we found you when we did. There's something horrible roaming these woods.

MARGE

There is?

The game warden hands Marge a newspaper. She looks at it.

ANGLE - NEWSPAPER

The front page has a large picture of Homer. The headline says "Bigfoot Still At Large."

NEW ANGLE

Marge is staring at the newspaper, totally confused.

MARGE

Why... that's my husband!

CUT TO WHIRLING TABLOID NEWSPAPER

The newspaper whirls up to the camera in a dramatic fashion and then stops. We see a photo of Marge cowering under the now famous picture of Homer, which is twice normal size. The headline reads: "I Married Bigfoot."

BACK TO MARGE

Reporters have surrounded her and are pushing microphones into her face.

MARGE

His name isn't Bigfoot. His name is Homer.

CUT TO WHIRLING TABLOID NEWSPAPER

The newspaper headline reads: "Bigfoot's Wife Pleads: 'Call Him Homer.'"

BACK TO MARGE

REPORTER #1

What does it eat?

MARGE

(CONFUSED) I don't understand. What's this all about? Well, I suppose pork chops are his favorite.

CUT TO WHIRLING TABLOID NEWSPAPER

There's a photo of Homer with a big chef's hat superimposed and the headline reads: "The Bigfoot Diet: Pork Chops Aplenty."

We hear a **LOUD GROWLING** off mike. The reporter hears it too. He turns to his FLUNKY.

REPORTER #2

Hey, get those bears out of here. I'm trying to do an interview.

NEW ANGLE

Maggie's bears have come a little ways into the clearing. Maggie is riding one of them. They appear to be bringing her back. The flunky rushes towards them, waving his arms.

FLUNKY

No bears! We're taping! All bears off the set!

The bears hesitate for a moment, then lope back into the woods. We hear Maggie's **SUCKING** fade into the distance.

BACK TO MARGE AND THE REPORTER

REPORTER #2

Now let's get back to your (MAKES QUOTATION MARKS WITH HIS FINGERS) "husband". How would you describe your marital relations? Brutish?

MARGE

Well... a little, I suppose, but I like that. Is this going to be on TV?

REPORTER #2

Coast to coast.

MARGE

Well then, I want to make sure you understand that we're talking about a human being. Not a big ape beast. My husband is a human being.

REPORTER #2

(SUDDENLY TURNING TO CAMERA AND ROLLING HIS EYES) Sure, we understand.

MARGE

(ANNOYED MURMUR)

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BEAR CAVE - THAT NIGHT

Homer and Bart are shuffling along aimlessly through the forest, nearing total exhaustion. They are near the opening of the bear cave.

BART

(WEAKLY) Are we there yet?

HOMER

(SNIFFS) Food!

Bart sniffs. Like men in a trance they both begin following their noses into the cave.

INT. BEAR CAVE - CONTINUOUS

The bears are chewing on a number of large salmon. Maggie is **SUCKING** on a bottle and leafing through a picture book. We hear **SNIFFING** approaching. The bears look up from their dinner. Homer and Bart enter the cave, noses in the air, **SNIFFING.**

They hear a **LOW GROWL**, stop, and, for the first time, look around to see where their noses have brought them. Their eyes widen and their jaws drop. The bears get up and advance.

HOMER

Nice bear. Nice nice nice bear.

BART

What do we do, Dad?

HOMER

Praise the bears son.

BART

(QUICKLY) Nice bears.

The bears rear up on their hind legs and open their mouths another notch. Before they can strike we hear Maggie **SUCKING** urgently on her pacifier. The bears look questioningly at her. She **SUCKS HARDER** and gestures at Bart and Homer. The bears seem to understand her. The lead bear looks at Bart and Homer, **SNORTS** APOLOGETICALLY, and backs off. The other bears follow, **GROWLING** a little. Homer and Bart see Maggie for the first time.

HOMER

Maggie!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEAR CAVE - A LITTLE LATER

Bart and Maggie come out of the cave and wave goodbye to the bears.

MAGGIE

(SUCKS)

Maggie is carrying her picture books and Bart has a large salmon that is evidently a going-away present from the bears. Homer exits the cave gingerly,

HOMER

(STILL SCARED) Nice bear, nice bear.

BART

Later, bear dudes.

They bump into the Boy with the Map.

BOY WITH MAP

Look. It's him!

Suddenly a net drops on top of Homer. A SEARCH PARTY, led by the boy with the map, advances, **AD LIBBING:** "It's Bigfoot", "We got him!", "Stay away from those teeth", etc.

As Homer struggles, the Game Warden of the group grabs Bart and Maggie and takes them off to one side.

GAME WARDEN

You're lucky we got here in time to

rescue you.

BART

What the hell are you talking about?

MAP BOY

(EXCITEDLY) We got him! We got

Bigfoot!

Homer is still struggling as the searchers attempt to subdue him. Homer rips the net off and starts to run away.

A MAN in the group raises a gun. He fires the tranquilizer gun and a small dart sticks out of Homer's butt. Homer **SHRIEKS**. In SLOW MOTION we see Homer fall to the ground with a **CRASH**.

BART

(HORRIFIED) Dad! Dad!

HOMER

(MUMBLING SLEEPILY) Avenge me, son.

Avenge my death.

Homer closes his eyes and falls asleep, **SNORING LOUDLY**.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - A FEW DAYS LATER

Homer, with a few days' beard growth, stands GLOWERING in an antiseptic glass booth while SEVERAL TECHNICIANS in lab coats consult checklists and scrutinize dials on various complicated machines. One of the technicians slides a pork chop through a small door in the booth. Homer looks angry, then grabs the pork chop and begins chewing.

TV ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

The recent capture of a mysterious ape-like creature has turned into the scientific poser of the century. Is it man or is it, in fact, the legendary missing link known as Big Foot? Specialists from around the world have gathered for a firsthand examination of the controversial creature, and they are ready to announce their findings. We now go live to the Springfield Primate Institute.

We CUT TO a panel of solemn SCIENTISTS at a press conference.

DR. MARVIN MONROE

Ladies and gentlemen, distinquished colleagues, after extensive biological and anatomical testing, I regret to announce that the evidence is inconclusive. This... thing may or may not be human.

There's a **BUZZ** in the crowd.

GERMAN SCIENTIST

Zat's vhat he thinks! I say it's none other than Bigfoot in the flesh.

BEAUTIFUL FRENCH SCIENTIST

I disagree. Look at ze eyes. I think eet eez a man.

ENGLISH SCIENTIST

(SCOFFING) The eyes. What about the low sloping apelike forehead?

GERMAN SCIENTIST

Gentlemen, gentlemen, fraulein, please. Zis much ve can agree upon: The speciman is either a brilliant beast or a below average human being.

The Scientists start to **ARGUE FEROCIOUSLY, AD LIBBING:** "Human being? You're crazy", "It is too a Bigfoot!" "You call yourself a man of science?", etc. We PULL BACK to REVEAL Marge and Homer at home in bed watching this on television.

HOMER

(GROANS) The guys at work are going to have a field day with this.

MARGE

Oh, Homer... My brilliant beast.

HOMER

(PLEASED) Aww...

Marges kisses Homer and turns out the lights.

FADE OUT.

END